

W. H. H. H. H.

1914

The Zephyrus



❖ FALL NUMBER ❖

Price, 25 Cents

All High School Girls
trade with
Hoefler

Frank Vaughan, D. D. S.
Pythian Building
Astoria

**Simington Dry Goods
Company**
Dry Goods and Notions, Ladies' Suits
Skirts and Waists

Residence Phone 676-R
Office Phone 621-R

DR. CHARLES W. BARR
Dentist

573 Commercial St. Astoria

CARL E. FRANSEEN

Maker of Good Clothes for Men

Phone 37 179 Eleventh St.

Your Clothes Called for Pressed
and Delivered once a week
for \$1.50 per month.

Sent from Bere High Society
Aug. 17, 1978, Portland

Table of Contents

A Legacy, a continued Story	Page 5
Voyage of the Thunder, continued	" 7
Circumstantial Evidence	" 11
A Study in Anatomy	" 13
Ode to Student Body Tax	" 14
Editorial	" 15
School Notes	" 17
Debate ..	" 18
Athletics ..	" 19
Senior Class	" 21
Junior Class	" 22
Sophomore Class	" 23
Freshmen Class ..	" 24
Alumni Notes	" 25
Exchanges	" 26
Stung	" 27

Arthur Danielson in Geometry III. To prove that: D-o-g-C-a-t-S-e-r-a-p.



The frontless man was an
also ran,
But the Well Dressed Man
was the winner!
—Pickings from Peck

Don't be an also ran
But be a well dressed man.
Let us tog you out and
You'll be a winner!

Judd Bros.

The Young Men's Store

A. H. S. PENNANTS and
Arm Bands for Sale

Prof. H. to M. T. "I wish to speak to you privately. Permit me to take you apart for a few minutes."

M. T. "Certainly, if you'll promise to put me together again."

Open an Account with the
**Scandinavian-American
Savings Bank**

We pay interest on time deposits

When Trading with our Advertisers mention The Zephyrus

T H E ZEPHYRUS

OF THE ASTORIA HIGH SCHOOL

DECEMBER, '09

A Legacy

John Mitchell, a young business man and a bachelor of some thirty years, living in the small village of Haskanville, was puzzled over a peculiar matter, one not wholly in line with his mode of thinking.

The subject in hand was the cause of much distress and discussion between him and his servant and companion, Bates.

One morning a legal envelope had come to John through the mail from his grand-father's lawyer, notifying him that the will of this grand-father was on file and directing him to come to New York immediately and get a copy of the part of the will relating to his welfare. Now John had attended the funeral of his late grand-father about two months before the lawyer's notification reached him, and as his grand-father had lived economically, allowing himself no luxuries but those of a parrot, a dog and a cat (if they might be called luxuries) we can partly understand John's surprise and astonishment, when he found that his eccentric old grand-father had left a will.

He got ready and proceeded to New York, where he found to his amazement, that his peculiar grand-father had left him his house, a small two roomed shack and everything it contained, including the parrot Mehitable, aged thirty-five; the dog, Julius Caesar aged twelve, and the cat, Jupiter, who was in her teens.

It happened that John detested parrots, with their husky and croaking chatter, could not bear cats, and dogs always made him nervous, so he said.

Ordinarily this would seem a very slight matter to worry over,

but this was not all. By means of the will John discovered behind the clock in a tin box, the result of his grand-father's economy for many years, and also to his chagrin, that he would not receive this amount, about \$5200, unless he should take the parrot, the dog and cat and keep and care for them until they should die; further that he should spend \$200 of that sum on them and their needs, according to enumerable directions, all carefully written out on fools-cap paper, for their daily care.

Even for \$5000 which was considered a magnanimous bequest in those days, it took John Mitchell a long time to decide whether or not he would accept the conditions, but after thinking it over, he decided that \$5000 was too great a sum to be lost by mere prejudice against animals and thought that he could in some unheard of way, get rid of them, not lose anything by it, and still not violate the regulations of the will. He notified the lawyer of his willingness to accept the terms, and proceeded to his home, accompanied by Julius Caesar, Jupiter and Mehitable.

On arriving at his bachelor quarters, the first thing confronting him was sleeping places for the new members of the household, for he lived in two rooms, one of which was his parlor and bedroom combined; the other where he cooked and had his meals; Bates living in a small hall bedroom upstairs.

After several impossible ideas had come to him, he ended his troubles, or rather, thought he did, by putting a newspaper over Mehitable's cage and sliding her under the bed, tying Julius Caesar to his bed-post and placing Jupiter in the coal-bin. He then went to bed with anticipations of a long refreshing sleep, but how disappointed and ten minutes of undisturbed rest was followed by Mehitable's screaming at the top of her voice, Julius Caesar's growling interspersed by little short, sharp barks, a clawing noise made by Jupiter and occasionally, the squeak of a tiny mouse in her clutches.

The cause of all this disturbance was, of course, the little mouse, whom Jupiter had found in the coal-bin. Mehitable, who was hungry as well as ill-tempered, was yelling vile threats at Jupiter, because he had something to eat, and Julius Caesar, who was usually so good natured, was angry because he had been awakened from his peaceful slumber.

John was by this time most thoroughly awake, and doing his best to quiet the participants in the disturbance at so unearthly an hour, it being now nearly one o'clock a. m., as he had been late in retiring. After his taking the mouse and putting it into the hole, from which it scampered away, glad to be free once more, order reigned again.

John went to bed, but not to sleep; he lay awake till morning thinking and planning a way in which to free himself from the "three nuisances" as he termed them, and towards eight o'clock he hit upon a plan; he would train the animals! teach them tricks and place them on exhibition! He thought of an old man living in the

boarding house next door, who used to be a circus trainer and manager, and John knew he would like to re-engage in his former profession. So the owner made arrangements to have him train them for the exorbitant price of \$75 a week, and planned a performance within two weeks. He then spent \$35 of the remainder on food for the three animals, buying mince pies, lemon pies, cake, apples, meat of high grade, fruits of all kinds, nuts, pickles; in short he almost put one grocery store out of business; off of everything he bought, he would break small pieces and give them to the three, and one by one, they would smell and sniffle and one by one, would turn up their noses at them. The only thing they would eat being beef-heart, which the old man advised getting for them.

As time went on, John had delicious meals, which Bates prepared for him, because as he was of a very economical turn of mind, he could not waste all the stock of eatables bought.

At the end of the week, John Mitchell was the owner of three most pitiful and forlorn looking animals. *Mehitable's* feathers were straggling and drooping and *Julius Caesar* and *Jupiter* went moping around with their tails hanging, bearing that injured air, so peculiar to either a dog or a cat.

Although they seemed very submissive, they gave John no little trouble. One day at the end of the first week when John was eating his dinner, *Mehitable* flew out of her cage around the room, knocked over several vases, broke a lamp, turned over furniture, and just as she was sitting on the chandelier, laughing and screaming at what she had done, John entered, perceived in a moment what she had been up to, grabbed a broom, brought it down, — not on *Mehitable* who had made a timely exit, but on the chandelier, breaking it into thousand pieces.

(To be continued.)

Margaret Griffin.



Memorable Voyage of the Thunder

The *Thunder*, gorgeous in its fresh coat of red paint, lay out upon the grass for inspection. Half a dozen curious boys were examining every detail, and the proud owner and inventor, Mr. William Glendale Curtis Jr. took delight in exhibiting this pride of his life.

Every one present knew that Billy Curtis dropped the team and

neglected his studies in order to give some secret undertaking his particular attention; and all the lower-middle fellows knew that if the faculty had become "wise" to his actions, he would have been disgraced immediately. College boys have an excellent knack of keeping things in the dark, so with the aid of a dingy lantern and a deserted room in the old work shed, Curtis Jr. had planned and constructed his mode of an air-ship, which in his estimation was destined to sail all around that of the acknowledged first aviators of the day, the Wright Brothers.

Billy designed his engines in a truly amazing style, the greatest part of the apparatus being secretly borrowed in the small hours of the morning from the Physics laboratory of the College. Billy could not very well afford the expence of a real engine, and besides he didn't see much sense in spending his money before he knew whether the trial flight of the Thunder would be successful.

The new inventor kept his secret to himself: no one knew or ever dreamed of his operations, and when the ship was ready for exhibition, his closest friends were completely astounded by an invitation which read:

"On the Quiet. At 3.30 this afternoon. — In the meadow by the giant spruce. — The Thunder, build and designed by William Glendale Curtis Jr. tours the heavens on her initial trip."

The invitation was opened in the room of Larry Stebbens, three hours before the event was to take place. Larry read it aloud to the other four occupants of the room; and after a moment of puzzled expectancy they broke into hearty laughter. Jack Jones danced a horn-pipe on Ted Lacy's toes, while Harry Stevens and Bob Lovebridge excuted a fancy "barn dance" around the center table.

To be sure, the contents of the note was mystery to them, but Billy's closest friends scented something of adventure and fun. To see a real or sham air-ship in operation was a treat for them; consequently, they arrived at the giant spruce in the meadow two hours before the time set indicated by the invitation.

In due time the Thunder and its owner arrived, and the boys began the inspection related in the opening of the story.

"A good sailer," spoke up Billy proudly, "and she's bound to make a record."

"Do you mean to tell me that that thing can sail?"

"Say, Fat, you going to sail her?"

"Got your life insured, Billy-me-boy? an —"

"Where'd you get the swell looking engines?"

"Do you expect that little frame-work to lift your two-hundred and fifty pounds?"

William Glendale Curtis Jr. politely answered all the questions that were propounded to him. Yes — he was going to sail her; and no, — his life wasn't insured.

The Thunder twitched uneasily with a sudden breath of the wind, and the owner tightened his hold upon the ropes.

"She acts like 'a kicker' all right, old man, shouldn't wonder if the blooming thing would sail" and Larry Stebbens got down upon his knees and took another look at the engines.

"It oughter fly, fellars," — explained Billy. "The diagram is perfect, and if the engines work as they should, I have no doubt but that the trip will be successful. You see that the steering apparatus is up to the best standard, and the ropes cannot possibly get mixed. Furthermore, I've read enough on air-ships to understand fully how to handle them."

"Won't express any opinion until you make the 'flight' — sweetly announced Bob Lovebridge.

"It's three-thirty now. All aboard! Hurrah for the Thunder!" In his exuberance of glee, Jack Lacy tossed his class cap of blue and gold far into the air. The remaining boys picked up the yell; and, amid the extensive cheers of his class-mates Billy, a trifle nervous, yet with a very decided look upon his face stepped into the the apparently tame and ruly Thunder.

After seating himself and examining the ropes, he spoke to Harry Stevens: "When I say go, — let the rope there slip; and then all of you 'Vamoose', for I won't vouch for the safety of the craft at all. It would be distressing to you, especially so to the Thunder if she should fall upon your heads. Now, for my sake 'cut out' your grinning, and remain quiet. On hand, Harry."

In a second the engine was started, the chuk, chuk almost drowned in the voices of the now interested boys; but above it's babble Larry managed to roar: "When you come down, you'll find us under the tree." Billy in a daze scarcely heard him; and, as the noise of the engine increased, he grasped the ropes more tightly. Harry, hand on the anchor line, awaited the command to slip the knot. At last it came: and the ship was free. Harry made for the giant-spruce at a two-ten rate: but the Thunder never moved: not even a quiver came over her frame.

From beneath the tree there came a roar: and the student quintette rushed out to bestow mock congratulations upon their disappointed class-mate. Billy pulled ropes, squirmed and kicked, but of no avail: his beloved, new plaything refused to move. Billy clamored out and examined the engine. Finding nothing wrong, he slipped the tie knot over the stake, and taking out rather a dingy handkerchief mopped his brow.

"The Thunder 'am condemned," announced Bob with owl-like gravity. At a repeated whir of the engine his face showed interest.

"I say Fat, where'd you get the engines?"

"Borrowed them."

"Borrowed them?"

"You bet."

"Appears like I've seen them before," Harry snickered, and Lacy grinned.

"They're not worth much," scoffed Billy. In his humiliation

and disappointment at this failure, he cared little for joking.

"What did prof. say when you borrowed them?"

"Nothing."

"Great Caesar, you must hypnotized him." Billy made an attempt to keep his face straight; but it was of no avail.

"Prof. would hypnotize me if he knew it," he chuckled. The boys glanced from one to the other.

"Oh you kid," rejoined Larry tantalizingly. "Better make another trial at sailing."

"Why this clod-hopper can't overcome the force of gravity," announced Harry. He stepped into the craft after Billy, and seated himself in what was supposed to be the bow. "Billy," he said in mock gravity. "Billy-me-lad we'll make the flight together; and boys, if we never come down, bury us beneath the boughs of yonder spruce."

"We'll get you first," roared Ted, who up to this time had been exceedingly silent. The remaining three boys laughed in unison.

Harry appeared a trifle hurt.

"Boys, this is no trifling matter."

Billy was working at the engine; the chuk, chuk became more distinct.

"Boys," continued Harry. "Out of the remains, first resurrect the engine."

Larry slipped the knot and Harry's pretended gravity changed to mirth.

"Oh Bill, my friend!" he shrieked. "Don't sail her so high!"

The boys who had come to watch the trial flight rolled on the ground in their glee. Only Billy's face remained grave. While all this was going on a wonderful change took place in the Thunder: the pulses of the engine became more regular, and the faint breeze seemed to take more effect upon the craft. The boys upon the ground arose and watched with new interest. Even Harry sat up and took notice.

It was all so sudden. And the Thunder hitherto quiet and submissive leaped into the air, and in its course of flight came in sudden contact with the heads of a line of wondrously stricken boys, who fell like ten-pins before the wooden hurricane. Harry, pale to the lips, grasped the side blams and closed his eyes. He was so young to die. Billy was satisfied.

(To Be Continued)

Fanny Gregory.

Circumstantial Evidence

It was a typical jury room with cots in one end, a table in the center, and twelve chairs scattered about. Of the twelve jurymen in the room, six were at the table playing poker, five were reading books or magazines, and the remaining one was standing at a window.

Time passed but no one spoke, except once in a while one of the players would make some remark concerning the game. The man still stood at the window, his right arm on the sill. He was looking over the roofs of the city towards the mountains in the distance, but all he could see was a picture of his wife calling for him. She might be dying now and here he was duty-bound and unable to go to her. Yes, he could go, but as he thought of the consequence, he shuddered. Often the rest of the men would look toward him and nod to each other. They did not know of the battle that was raging in this man's soul, a battle that the rest of the world might never know of, but one on which so much depended, — another man's life.

Two hours passed slowly, then the men at the table impatiently threw down their cards, pushed their chairs, and rose to their feet stretching and yawning. One of them spoke to the man at the window, who turned and came toward the table mumbling to himself. Henry Jonson, for that was the speaker's name, thus addressed him: "Have'n't you got enough of staying in this — — — place? We have been here three days like prisoners, with the exception of going out to meals, and even then we are guarded like convicts. Why man alive, be sensible, it's a clear case of murder. Didn't he admit that it was his coat with the blood stains on it, the one they found hanging in his closet? Didn't he admit having had a quarrel with his father, and after having killed him, that he ran out of the house calling for help? Of course he said that when he arrived at home he found his father dead. A likely story! What more evidence do you want?"

"That is only circumstantial evidence. Are you going to convict a man on that? He has not confessed."

"Confessed! Huh! do you hear that boys? What do you want him to do, tell us right out that he committed the murder? Why, they never do that unless they plead insanity. All the rest of us agree that he did it; you are the only one for acquittal. Almost every one thinks him guilty."

"They are not sure, you are not sure. He did not confess. Suppose you should convict him and he should be hanged, and you should then find out that he was innocent, how would you feel? Are you justified in saying the word that gives another man the right to take the life of a fellow man unless you are absolutely certain that he is guilty?"

"But we are sure he did it."

"How are you sure? Did you or any man on this jury see him do it? I don't want to stay here: my wife may die at any time, she may be dying now, but I will not give in; she would not want me to convict a man on circumstantial evidence. My desire to go to her and my conscience have been fighting, but so far my conscience has been victorious, and it shall always be so."

"Come on, give in. I want to go away on a few days' vacation."

For answer Carton started to the window. Half way there he turned opened his mouth as if to speak, but evidently changed his mind. He closed his mouth, squared his shoulders, and went to the window. The men did not know it, but at that moment Carton had won another victory.

The card players went back to their game, the other five stood talking in whispers about what had been said. Things did not remain this way long; for Jonson threw down his cards saying: "I won't stay in here another night. If he," pointing to Carton, "won't give in, I'll call the bailiff and tell the Judge that we can't agree. They will get jurymen that will convict the prisoner in ten minutes. I wi...."

A knock at the door interrupted him, and the bailiff entered. "A telegram for Mr. Carton."

Carton sprang forward to receive the message, and the bailiff withdrew. He drew the telegram from the open envelope and read it slowly. The slip of paper dropped from his fingers and fell to the floor. His hand went to his head and he reeled. Jonson sprang forward to catch him but Carton steadied himself, moistened his lips, but could not speak. He pointed to the telegram and then to Jonson. Jonson picked up the missive and read aloud: "Your wife died 2 P. M. Come soon as possible. Miss B."

"Gentlemen," Carton was speaking in a hesitating voice, "a minute ago you were ready to convict a man on circumstantial evidence. I shall tell you a story of circumstantial evidence, then you can see if it would not be better to allow every guilty man his freedom than to convict one innocent man. A short time ago a young man went to see about some money that he and his wife had loaned to an elderly man. The elderly man had just had a quarrel with his son and was rather irritable. The two men began to talk about the note and got into a very heated discussion in which the young man's wife became involved. The old man addressed some insulting remarks to the wife, and the young man becoming very angry said: "If anybody dares to insult my wife again, I will kill him." The old man picked up his cane, struck the other, and repeated what he had said. The young man was blind with rage, he sprang toward the old man, who ran behind the table and laughed. Putting his hands on the table so as to vault over it, the young man touched something: it was long and shiny with a sharp edge. He picked it up and his hand shot forward. It was done so suddenly

that he did not realize his crime until he heard footsteps. He was startled; there at his feet lay the man he had killed, the dagger in his breast; but instead of its being smooth and shiny, it was slippery and red. The young man started toward the door; but it was too late; for some one was coming. He went to a door which was partly opened, went in, and found himself in a dark closet. Unconsciously he wiped his bloody hands on a coat hanging there. Looking out of the half opened door, he saw the man's son come in, look at his father, and run out calling for help. A crowd gathered, but no one noticed a man come from the closet and mingle with them. The son was tried for the murder of his father. You wanted to convict him on circumstantial evi...."

"You...."

"Yes it was I who did it. I would have given myself up before if it hadn't been for my wife. It would have killed her. I am willing to go now."

Jonson turned toward the men and said: "Before we call the bailiff and return the verdict of 'Not Guilty,' will you gentlemen promise on your honor that not one word of what Mr. Carton has told us will ever be repeated?" And from the ten men came the answer

"We promise."

Sam Wise.



A Study in Anatomy.

A little Chicago girl furnishes a good illustration of the fact that our school children are being taught much which they can neither understand nor assimilate. During a recent examination in physiology she wrote:—

"The lady is divided into three parts, the head, the chist, and the stummick. The head contains the tongue and brains, if any; the chist contains the lungs and a part of the liver; the stummick is devoted to the bowels, of which there are five — a, e, i, o, u and something w and y."

(Selected.)

"Ode to the Student Body Tax."

1. Oh that student-body tax;
 Holy Smoke!
A few days more and it is due —
 I am broke.
2. Of all curses upon home or school,
This new and grafty — coiny rule
Who does not pay it — ranked a fool
 Oh Student-body tax!
3. All extravagance I must give up —
At Hoeflers grill — no more I'll sup —
Oh bitter — bitter is my cup, —
 A dollar have I lost.
4. And yet it is the thing to do —
To make our athletes pull us through
And save the honor of the school,
 A few important facts.
5. So I give up with willing mind,
My dollar per, and join the line
Who leave their numerous wants behind —
 For the Athletic tax!

F. G. '10.

Perhaps Bill Wootton misunderstood the teacher's meaning.
This is his paper:

"The equator is a menagrie lion running around the earth."

"Noah's wife was called Joan of Arc."

"Water is composed of two gases oxygen and Cambrigen."

"Lava is what the barber puts on your face."

"A blizzard is the inside of a fowl."

THE ZEPHYRUS

Published by the Students of the Astoria High School

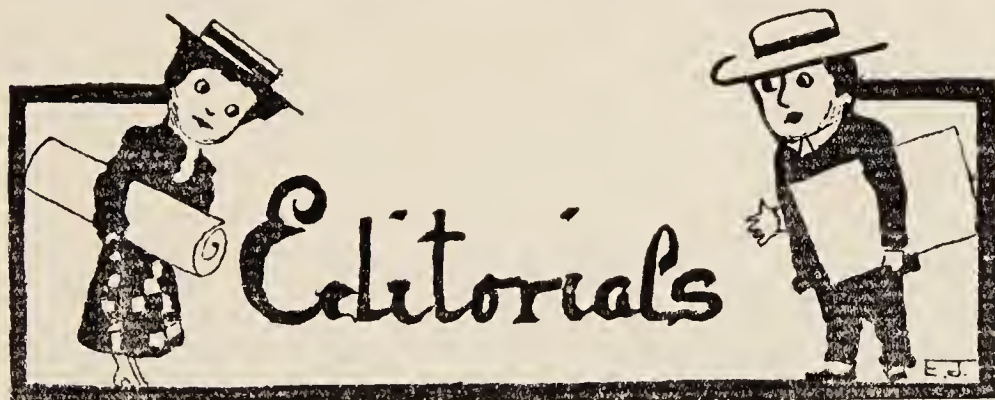
PRICE - - - TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

S T A F F

Editor-in-chief.....Fanny M. Gregory. '10
Associate Editor.....Myrtle A. Harrison. '11
Business Manager.....Fred Hardesty. '11

A S S I S T A N T S

Advertising.....	{ Arthur Danielson. '10
	{ Lenore McGregor. '12
Literary.....	{ Evelyn Stuart. '11
	{ Anna Sigurdson. '10
Alumni.....	Gladys Graham. '11
Art.....	Elva Jeldness. '11
School Notes.....	Mildred Smith. '10
Athletics.....	{ Abel Wright. '11
	{ Melville Morton. '11
Exchange.....	Blanche Heron. '11
Stung.....	J. Thornburn Ross. '10
Freshmen.....	Emma Wootton. '13
Sophomore.....	Bernice McGregor. '12
Junior.....	Gladys Graham. '11
Senior.....	Anna Sigurdson. '10



A new year has again opened for the Astoria High School, and it is with interest that we note the increase in attendance. The

Zephyrus has again put in its appearance, and it is hoped that the students will stand by it as faithfully as if not more so, than they did the preceding year. Every High School of any note possesses a paper whether it be large or small.

The Astoria High School is one of the most active schools in the state. Although nature has placed a barrier between Astoria and the Willamette Valley schools, we do not find it difficult to make known to them our presence in the Inter-scholastic field of activity. If one stops to think he will realize how much a paper does towards uniting the interests of its own school to that of others. Our paper travels to numerous schools, not only in Oregon and Washington, but in different states throughout the Union. Everyone can help to make the "Zephyrus" our best, and in this way, help to advertise the real spirit of our school.

It will be needless to make known to the students of the Astoria High School that a school paper cannot exist without the necessary funds. The chief way of obtaining these funds is through our advertisements. We readily esteem our worthy advertisers in thus helping us in our undertaking. Now students, do you not think it courteous for us to repay them? To do this is but a simple matter. Look carefully over our list of advertisers. Notice which of your dealers have inserted an advertisement. Keep up your trade with them. It means business for us. Join in, everyone — we beg of you. — "Patronize Our Advertisers."

Perhaps it would be convenient for the Astoria High School students to realize that almost every other institution of learning which is well up in school spirit, levies a tax upon the students for the support of Athletics. This tax generally runs from one to two and a half dollars; and is usually collected during the first two months of the school year. The members of our student body passed a resolution last year that each member should be taxed one dollar. If one would stop to think how the candidates for the different teams train and work for the honor of the school, he would realize what a small part he is playing in contributing this tax.

There is about to be a new building for the Astoria High School. Everybody is glad to hear this because once having a new building we are confident that our school will be second to none in the state. We do not mean by this that our school is not as good as other schools but our building is not as convenient as it might be. — Let every pupil of the Astoria High School do his best to let the people and the school board know that we deserve a new building and are willing to work for it and shall most heartily appreciate it when it comes.



School Notes

E.J.

"Three Hens" a farce comedy, was produced with great success, under the management of the alumni. Following is the cast of characters:—

Mr. Samuel Selwyn.....	C. S. Blake
Capt. Cornelius Catskill.....	Wilbur Crary
Fred Bellamy.....	Yvon Guillume
Prof. Boscoe Blithers.....	Otto Owen
Dilbs.....	William Utzinger
Mrs. Selwyn.....	Fanny Gregory
Grace Selwyn.....	Lennah Parker
Maid.....	} Gladys Graham
Mrs. Bellamy.....	

The actors, who were trained by Mr. Carter did excellently. A handsome sum was realized for the football team for whose benefit the play was produced.

WAUREGAN.

As only one meeting has been held in the Wauregan society, but little business has been transacted. The future meetings are to be enlivened by more thorough parliamentary drill. There is also some thought of a number of extemporaneous debates to be given by members of the Society.

Parliamentary drill is what the Wauregan society lacks and some of the new under classmen know partially nothing of this important phase of a literary society.

We hope this year to give our members the best literary work possible, and if the members work together we can hope for more than this.

ALFREDIAN.

On Oct. 29, the Alfredian Society held their first meeting. The Alfredians this year are strengthened by the presence of about thirty new members. The program rendered at this meeting was exceptionally good. Alfredians have displayed abundant spirit, and will be ready to meet the Wauregans for literary honors before the end of the school year.

Debating

The Astoria High School has again joined the debating league. Two years ago we debated in the final at Eugene. Last year we were not as successful as we were the year before; but this year we are determined to win.

We are in the Columbia River District and have for opponents, Hood River and The Dalles. The first debate is to take place not later than December thirty-first. The place of the first meeting and the schools who are to take part in them are not yet named.

The subject as assigned to us is "Resolved that life imprisonment, with restricted power of pardon of, should be substituted for capital punishment in Oregon." Some material has already arrived and the pupils are at work.

We have quite a number of persons in our High School who would make good debaters, and everybody is interested in the subject: so let everybody work and keep foremost in his mind the cup which is the gift of the Regents of the University of Oregon, and not only the cup, but that it stands for.

ATHLETICS

The first game of the inter-class series was played on Friday, November twelfth. The boys had been practicing hard in anticipation of a turkey dinner offered by Coach Blake to the team winning two out of three games, and it was a very lively contest. The upper-classmen scored first when Foster tackled McCannon and threw him across the line for a touch-down. Near the end of the first-half Larson recovered a fumble and ran twenty-yards for a touch-down. The half ended without further scoring. The second half was a punting duel between Malagamba and Ness with the honors slightly in favor of Ness. About the middle of the second half the upper class men worked the ball to the Freshies twenty-yard line, and Malagamba put over a pretty drop kick.

With three minutes to play, the Freshmen took a splendid brace and carried the ball down the field a distance of fifty yards for a touch-down. Ness kicked goal. Hartesdy and Malagamba starred for the upper classes; while McCannon and Gilnor did the same for the Freshies. The time of the Halves was twenty-five minutes. Melville Morton refereed; and Mervyn Troyer, umpired; each performing his duty both in a very creditable manner. Carl Sanders held the office of chief lineman.

Lineup

Upper-Classmen		Freshies
Larsen	C.	Moore
Danielson	R. G.	Rifle
Franklin	L. G.	Lewins
Billie	R. T.	Jones
Utzinger	L. T.	Jeldness
Foster	R. E.	Noe
Johnson	L. E.	Gilner
(Capt.) Wootton	O.	McCannon
Malagamba	R. H.	Mattson
Hardesty	L. H.	Anderson
Moore	F.	Ness

One of the chief points of these contests is that no member of

the first team of the Astoria High School is allowed to play. This makes the contestants evenly matched, and the class interest intense.

VANCOUVER HIGH — 0. — ASTORIA HIGH — 21.

On Nov. 6 the game was played on the High School grounds here between the Astoria and Vancouver High Schools. Although our team was crippled by the loss of some of our best players, they managed to put up a good game and easily defeated our heavier opponents. The boys on the home team all played their best, and shone as individual stars.

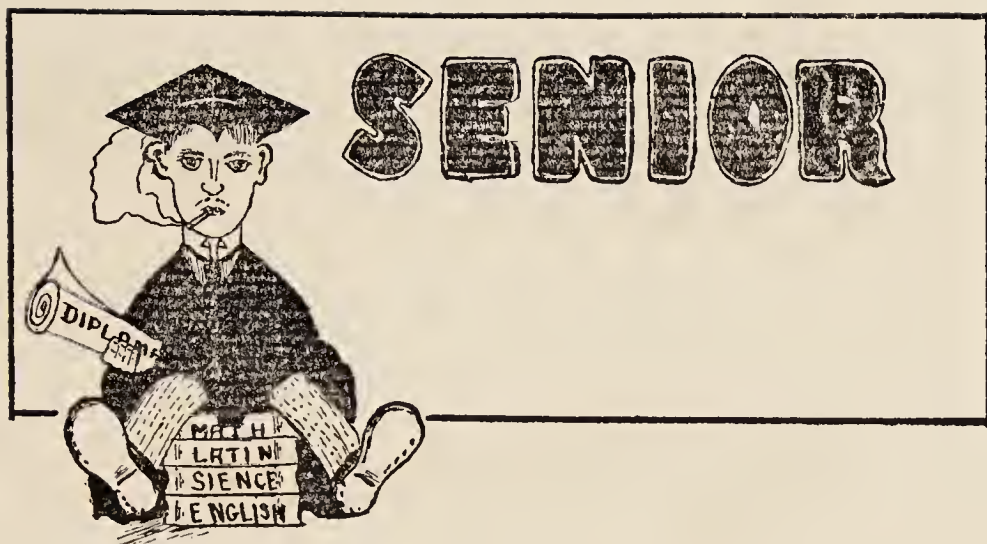
BASKET-BALL.

The Girl's Basket-Ball Team turned out for practice this year under the supervision of Coach Blake. At present there is some question as to whether they be allowed to play the boy's rules. The consensus of opinion of the Board and the Faculty is that girls' rules should be substituted for the rules in present use.



Here lies a squaw
A sunburnt queen
She died of drink—
Ing Kerosene.

It gave her sev—
'Ral awful cramps;
For human be
Ings are not lamps.



The 1910 class is considerably smaller than the class of last year; but class spirit is in abundance, and it is destined to outrival that of the larger class of 1909. The members of the class are: Anna Ligurdson, Fannie Anderson, Wilma Young, Edith Ross, Fanny Gregory, Kenneth Parker, Ole Jeldness, Arthur Danielson and Thorburn Ross.

"Green and Gold" the famous colors of the class of 1910, will be displayed to full advantage this year; and the lower classes when adhering to the advise "to look up to the Seniors," will please remember that this includes their Senior class colors as well as the Senior members.

HEARD IN THE SENIOR ROOM.

1st Senior: "The question, oh fellow citizen, for a debate is as to whether or not a man should be imprisoned for life or hung for murder in the first degree. I wouldst delight if thou wouldst favor me with a treatise."

2nd Senior: "Being that my time is now occupied by very weighty matters, I have not the time to enlighten you as to the point in question; but by the heard of Allah, I shall do so in some future time."



Junior

October the twenty-sixth witnessed the organization of the Junior class of the A. H. S. A large number of pupils was in attendance, and the class roll now contains twenty-five names. At the business meeting the following officers were elected.

President.....	Anson Allen
Vice President.....	Mildred Smith
Secretary.....	Elva Jeldness
Treasurer.....	Abel Wright
Class Editor.....	Gladys Graham
Sargent-at-arms.....	Brewer Billie

The class proved their claim to the title of "thrifty" by levying a certain monthly tax. This tax is to go toward the annual pinior function. — The "Prom."

The class of "green and red" confidently looks forward to a year of leadership as it is well represented in the officers of the Student Body and on the "Zephyrus" staff.

The Junior class is preparing for a production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" the lately published society drama. Following is the cast of characters:

Little Eva.....	Myrtle Harrison
Uncle Tom.....	Anson Allen
Legree (vicious slave holder).....	Elmer Manula
Eliza.....	Violet Lockart
Little Harry.....	Ole Jeldness
Miss Ophelia.....	Alex Barry
Two Topsies.....	Ruth Larsen and Fanny Bergland
Prominent Icebergs.....	Mildred Smith and Blanch Heron
Principal Angels.....	Thorborn Ross and Melville Morton
Blood-hounds.....	Lennah Parker, Gladys Graham, Margret Griffin

The rest of the class will be seen to great advantage as scenery and property pieces.



Colors: Crimson and White. Flower: Red Carnation.

Motto: "It is better to wear out than to rust out."

The first meeting of this year was held October 13th for the purpose of electing new officers. Those chosen were: August Peschl, president; Merwyn Troyer, vice president; Virginia Peterson, secretary and treasurer; Gearhart Larson sergeant-at-arm; Liola Ball, class artist; Bernice McGregor, class editor. The meeting was held in a very businesslike manner.

In our second meeting held November 9th a class motto was selected and also a class flower. We hope that our future meetings will be as well attended as this one was that good results may be expected from the class of this year.

The Sophomore boys who were successful in making the first team in football this season are the following: Charles Eckstrom, Richard Wilson, August Peschl, Merwyn Troyer.

WHEN YOU LAUGH.

Laugh and the class laughs with you;
Laugh and you laugh alone.
The first when the joke is your teachers;
The last when the joke is your own.

Pa heard him give the High School yell.
For joy he could not speak.
He murmured, "mother, listen to
Our Willie talking Greek."—Ex.

FRESHMEN



The first Freshmen meeting was held October 13, 1909, in order that the officers for the coming year might be elected. There was a splendid assembly of Freshman present, and a rousing good meeting was held. The following officers were elected: President, Henry Jeldness; Vice President, Wallace Eakin; Secretary, Minnie Noe; Treasurer, Tong Sing; Sergeant at Arms, Carl Sanders; Artist, Rudolph Kinkella; and Class Editor, Emma Wootton.

A second meeting was held October 27, 1909. The meeting was called for the purpose of selecting class colours. The Freshmen again turned out in great numbers.

The famous colours "green and white" were elected by the majority.

The boys of the class formed an excellent football team, choosing Leroy Jones for Captain.

The largest class that the Astoria High School has known, has great hopes that it may be the best. **We** mean to make it so.

The Sophomores of spirits light,
Gigg'e away from morn till night.
But for sober lad and quiet lass,
See the dignified Freshman class.

Alumni Notes

C L A S S O F 1 9 0 9

Misses Addie Abercrombie and Esther Nylund are attending the (state) normal school at Bellingham, Washington.

Edwin Short, who is at present in Honolulu is expected in Astoria next February. After a visit here he will go to Annapolis where he will enter the navy school.

Maude Ross has entered Mills Seminary California, as a musical student.

Bessie Huntarmer is teaching school at Ferndale, Oregon. At the expiration of the present term she expects to move to Tacoma.

William Holmes and Mary Eakin are enrolled as members of the University of Oregon.

Margaret Nielson is teaching at Knappa, Oregon.

Carl Thomas is at present a resident of Portland, Oregon.

Florence Foster has accepted a position as book-keeper at Bodollet's store.

Earnest Lustin is employed in the Astoria Box Co.'s Mill.

Will Moeler is an employes of Bodollet & Co.

Hattie Kopp is taking an art course at the University of Montana.

The Misses Josie Bangsund and Bessie Hess entered Whitman Collage at Walla Walla at the begining of this semester. A few weeks ago Miss Hess became ill and was obliged to return home. If her health permits she will resume her studies later.

William Utzinger is taking a post graduate course at the A. H. S.

Mary Kelly is teaching at Jewel, Oregon.

Hazel Loudon is employed as collector for H. Hoefler.

Alice Reed has accepted a country school in Washington.

Those who are at home this year are: Laura Jeffers, Bessie Wooten, Nellie Salvon, and Annette Stinson.

Exchanges

Last year a number of school papers were on our exchange list, and we hope to see all of the old ones this year and many new ones. As yet but few copies have arrived, so we shall mention some of the June numbers.

The commencement number of the "Courier" from Monmouth is very good; but a few drawings would improve it.

A very interesting exchange is the "Skookum Wa Wa" from Centralia, Washington. The drawings and cuts are exceptionally good and add much to the attractiveness of the paper.

The Hood River "Mascot" for June has some good editorials.

The "Junco-Ed" from Junction City, Oregon is well gotten up but would be better if it had more illustrations.

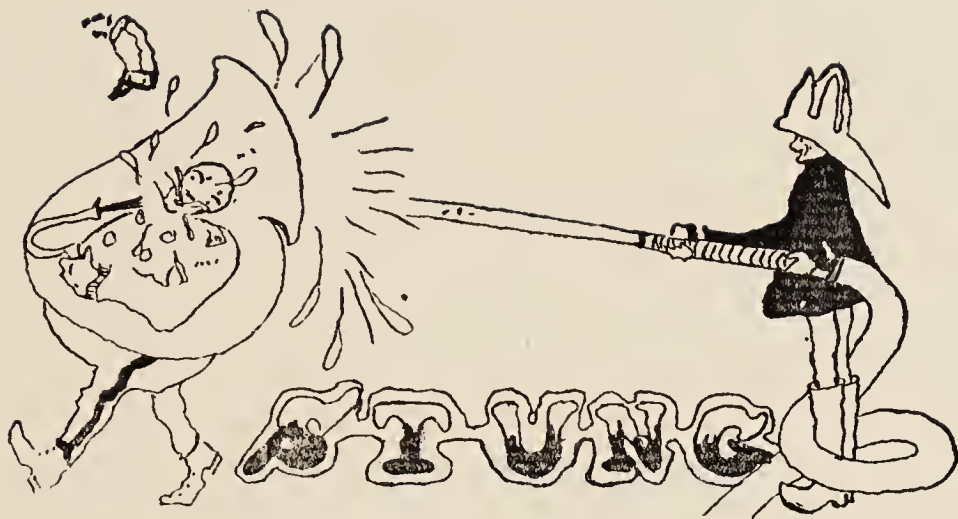
The "Tangent" from Ontario has some very good stories.

The October "Lens" from Portland is a very good number. Its stories are interesting and from the editorials we see that the pupils then have a good shan of class spirit.

The "Hesperian" from Hoquiam, Washington is well gotten up but it would look better if the advertisements were confined to the first and last papers instead of being inserted among the editorials.

When the donkey saw the zebra,
He began to switch his tail;
"Well, I never!" was his comment,
"Here's a mule that's been in jail."
—Ex.

Little drops of water
Freezing as they fall
Fat man's feet fly upward
Biff — and that is all — Ex.



M. M. "Yes, A. D. crawled under the fence to see the game."
Miss B. "You mean he stepped over, Melville."

Mr. H. (in Latin) "What is case?"
Brilliant Freshie "A box about two feet high."

W. Y. (in Writing Class) "I can write man better than anything else."

Come on boys
All your cares dispense
Lots of hidden joys
Able's got ten cents.

M. H. (Eug. V.) "It took Beowulf three days and nights to reach the surface of the Ocean."

Peck. W. "Say Miss Hulse, how did he hold his breath so long?"

When Frank Rhov's (roars) and Quong Sing's (sings) it couses Helen Pain, and makes Sammy Wise.

A Freshman sends the following lines to the Fling Editor:
"I wish to inform that one that as far as I can see there is no joke in his or her question whatever."

I went to see a football game
Thought I could play the same
So in haste I joined the eleven
I'm writing this from heaven. — Ex.

Will some one please give explanation? What quality does W. W. possess that is so attractive to the ladies?

Bring our Miss H. (coherence, mode, person, number, etc.)

A. D. (to H. Davies). "Say Hazel, are you Scotch?"

Hazel. "No! I am Welsh."

A. D. "Sufferin Cats! You must be some relation to a rabbit."

Anson A. "Oh yes, Lord Kelvin and I used to be bosom friends."

The Bunch "He's harmless, don't hit him."

'Tis sweet to flirt,
But, oh, how bitter,
When you've blown your coin
To be called a quitter.

Yell Leader E. H. "All you freshmen, who do not know these yells, copy them; and when you get home, go down in the cellar and yell them."

(Editor's Note) "I don't see why this was sent to me. This is a poor joke."

"Three Twins"

Comic Opera by Students of the Astoria High School.

- "Overature".....Prof. Schimdtke
1. "All My Girls".....Ken Parker and Chorus
2. "Good Night Sweetheart, Goodnight"Clyde Trullinger and Virginia Peterson.
3. "Cuddle up a Little Closer Lovey M'me".....Ole Jeldness and Miss Habukosh.
4. "Poo-Hoo-Fee-Hce".....Kate Barry and Liola Ball
5. "Little Miss-Up-to-Date".....Mildred Smith
6. "Hypnotic Kiss".....Laurence Upsher and Anyone
7. "Little Girl up There".....L. Van Dusen and Mimmie Noe
8. "The Yama, Yama Man".....Ole Jeldness
9. Specialty.
-

The wind it blew
My hat it flew
The mud it struck
! ! - - ? ! ! the luck. — Ex.

In the dark cloak-room they gathered
"There's fighting in that bunch" —
"Oh no — von ignorant Freshie —
Them's Juniors — stealing lunch.

Following Are Our Advertisers

PATRONIZE THEM

A. A. Saari, Photographer

Acme Grocery Co.

Alex Tagg, Confectioner

Astoria National Bank

A. W. Kinney, Dentist

Carl Franseen, Tailor

City Drug Store

Christensen & Co., Butchers

Chas. V. Brown

E. Martinson, Tailor

Dr. Barr, Dentist

Dr. Logan, Dentist

First National Bank

Foard & Stokes Hardw. Co.

Frank Woodfield

Frank Vaughan, Dentist

Herman Wise

H. R. Hoefler

Imperial Restaurant

John Svensen, Book Store

John H. & A. M. Smith

Judd Bros.

J. H. Seymour

J. V. Burns, Cigars

Parisian Dye Works

M. F. Hardesty, Electrician

Whitman Book Store

Pacific Iron Works

Ross, Higgins & Co.

Scandinavian-American Sav-
ings Bank

Simington Dry Goods Co.


Sam Gelalich, Confectionery

T. L. Ball, Dentist

Will Madison, Cigars

Before you have your Electrical Work done see

HARDESTY **The Electrician**

Fixtures a Specialty 

Phone 94

Store 545 Duane St.

E. MARTINSON

Merchant Tailor

471 Bond St.

Astoria

Maker of Men's Clothes from
the Cheapest that is Good to
the Best that is Made

Smoke La Imperial
Cigars

J. V. Burns

Christensen & Co.

The Best of
Fresh and Salt Meats

SAARI **Photographer**

14th & Commercial

A. W. Kinney
DENTIST

When Trading with our Advertisers mention The Zephyrus

In U. S. History — “Lloyd, where was the Declaration of Independence signed?”

Lloyd: “At the bottom — thats what you said.”

ASTORIA NATIONAL BANK

OF

ASTORIA, OREGON

UNITED STATES DEPOSITARY

All kinds of HOME MADE

Candies and Ice Cream

Lowney's and Gunther's

Tagg's Confectionery

J. H. SEYMOUR

Watchmaker & Jeweler

Manufacturing and Repairing

466 Commercial St.

Frank Woodfield's Art Stores

Two Stores Full of Christmas Goods

**Parisian Steam Clean-
ing & Dye Works**

Work Called for & Delivered

Phone 662-J 75 Ninth St.

Sam L. Gelalich

Fruits

Confectionery

Teacher: “How dare you swear before me?”

Big boy: — “How did I know you wanted to swear first?” —

JOHN H. & A. M. SMITH

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

Rooms 4-5-6 Copeland Building


Commercial Street

Astoria, Oregon

ACME GROCERY CO.

Headquarters for
Hood River Apples

W. C. Logan
Dentist

You can depend on 

Foard & Stokes Hardware Co.

The Big Store

for correct prices and prompt service.
All orders receive my personal attention.

WILLIE WILSON,
Manager of Sales

Office Hours from 8 till School time
and from 4 till Supper.

CITY DRUG STORE

185 Eleventh St.
Salvon & Lothman, Props.

Complete line of Drugs
Toilet Articles, Perfumes, etc.
Prescriptions Carefully
Compounded

PACIFIC IRON WORKS

Machinists and Blacksmiths

Logging and Camp Work
a Specialty

Workmanship Guaranteed
Prices Reasonable
Cor. 12th & Bond

When Trading with our Advertisers mention The Zephyrus

August in Alg. III. "It's all right working these examples when we get wound up."

Miss B. — "Well come in before class and I'll wind you up."

STORE OF CONVENIENCES

Largest and best equipped and stocked Book-store outside of Portland in Oregon

Free Telephone, Free Writing Desk and Material, City and Portland Directory. Stamps Sold. Packages taken care of FREE.

Meet Your Friends Here

WHITMAN'S BOOK STORE

DR. BALL
Dentist

Pythian Building

Parker
Fountain Pens
WARRENTED

High School Colored Tip

SVENSON'S BOOK STORE

All Students trade with

Chas. V. Brown

Nobby Shoes for all occasions
in Stock

Senior (talking to Fred Hardesty) "Young man your wisdom is beyond your years."

When Trading with our Advertisers mention The Zephyrus

First National Bank OF ASTORIA

Directors:

Jacob Kamm W. F. McGregor G. C. Flavel
J. W. Ladd S. S. Gordon

Capital.....	\$100,000
Surplus	25,000
Stockholders' Liability.....	100,000

ESTABLISHED 1886

IMPERIAL RESTAURANT

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT

522-524 Commercial St.

Astoria, Oregon

SMOKE THE GAMBRO CIGAR

For the best line of Cigars, Tobaccos and Smokers' articles, both wholesale and retail

see **WILL MADISON**

We Keep 

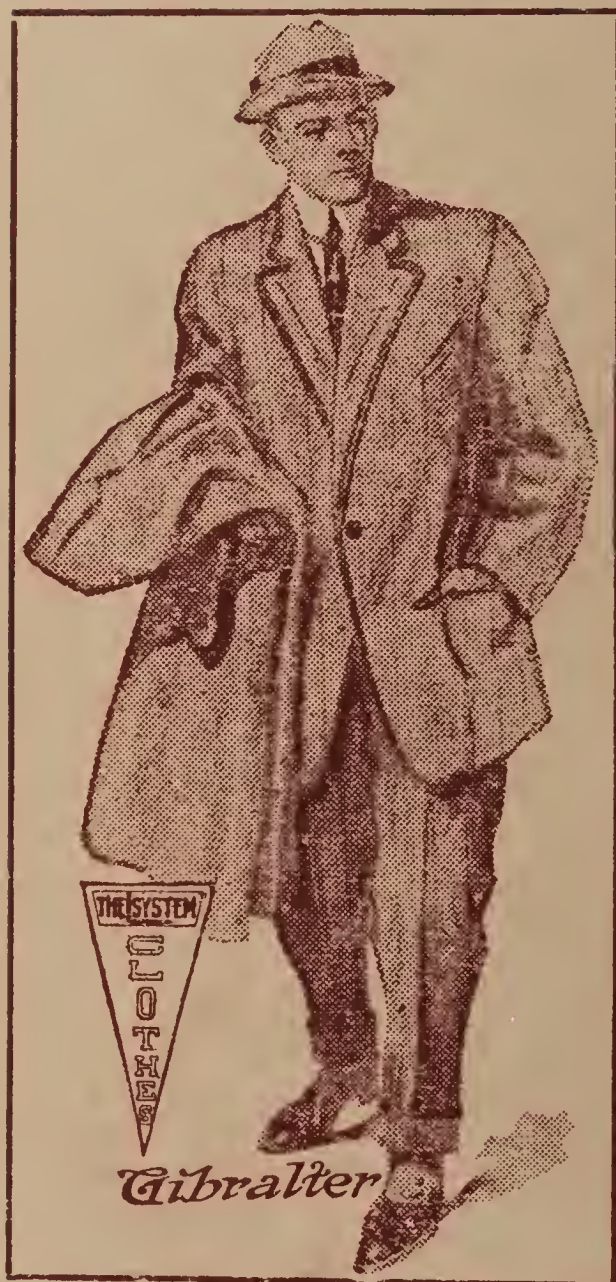
Sinclair Hams and Bacon

All High Grade Goods

of every Description.

Ross, Higgins & Co.

1 Piano Number with Each \$5.00 Purchase



YOU don't
have to wear
L SYSTEM

Suits and
Overcoats
but you'll look
better dressed
and more like
the REAL Col-
lege chaps if
you do!

\$20 to \$35

HERMAN WISE

Astoria's Reliable Clothier & Hatter